

Maine Farmer

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Maine Farmer.

"The most skillful chemist in the world cannot, in his laboratory, lay down rules or compound ratios that shall give the very best returns possible from each one of twenty-five good dairy cows," says an intelligent farmer of Piscataquis county.

The National Grange will hold its 28th annual session at Springfield, Illinois, commencing Nov. 11th, and continuing till the business of the session is completed. The meetings are to be held in the Senate Chamber at the State House.

The Indiana State Fair this year placed all awards in exhibitors' hands before their leaving the grounds. We see no reason why our State Society might not do the same thing. It would be a neat little stroke, pleasing to the winners.

Seedmen say there is quite a call for crimson clover seed. It is all well to try new things as they come along, but it best be on a small scale. We have given in the *Farmer* the gist of what is known of this plant, but so far there is nothing indicating success in a latitude so far north as Maine. So, farmers, we say again, try it on a small scale only.

Read in another column how the Piscataquis sweepstakes butter was made, and find the evidence that "the food makes the flavor." The treatment of the milk and cream may retain or destroy it according as they are handled, but only the food can give those delicious touches to the delectable product. The feeder and the maker are joint partners in bringing out the highest score.

Secretary McKen has decided to hold the State dairy meeting at Farmington, the first week in December. Noted speakers from outside the State will address the convention, and every endeavor will be made to render this series of meetings the most profitable and interesting ever held in the State. There will be a large exhibit of dairy products, and Mr. McKen hopes to have a working dairy nearer perfection in all details than has heretofore been attempted.

It is reported that the Illinois Milk-Condensing Company of Elgin, Ill., has recently contracted with the dairymen of that section for their milk supply for the coming six months. They pay twelve cents a gallon for the months of October, November and December, and eleven cents for January, February and March. At the condensing factory it is said 250,000 quarts per day was contracted for and at the bottling factory 80,000 quarts. At Carpentersville and Algonquin the company pays the same price. The former place uses about 250,000 quarts daily.

THE OUTLOOK FOR WOOL.

Many of the readers of the *Farmer* are concerned in sheep husbandry. For two years now passed the price of the wool clip has ruled at no low figures as to be a serious blow to flock owners, and has had the effect to stagger confidence in the industry to an extent that has already annihilated many valuable flocks and cut down others to numbers far less than their former standing. In many cases two years' stock of wool is still in the producers' hands. With tariff legislation now settled and wool placed on the free list, these same sheep owners are watching with almost breathless anxiety for what next?

The annual September London weekly wool sales are an index pointing to the demands of the world's wool market, and indicate the value that dealers and manufacturers can see in the product under conditions there bearing upon and shaping its demand. Hence these annual sales are always a matter of deep concern both to manufacturers of woollen goods and to the producers of the product. This year these sales have been looked forward to with an unusual anxiety on the part of sheep owners and wool holders. We have delayed taking up the matter to this time that any marked change coming as the result might have time to assert itself and become visible before attempting to draw conclusions therefrom. It was generally expected on the part of all hands that these sales would indicate an advance in value to some extent, at least, and the interest seemed to centre on the question of how much.

Time enough now has elapsed since the opening of these sales to note their effect on the trade with a good degree of reliance. It is, however, admitted by all that it is the outlook for that has happened, and that these sales are a general disappointment. They indicate no essential advance in value. Fenno Bros. & Childs, Federal St., Boston, in reporting the market immediately following the opening of the London sales, say: "Up to the time of the cable's announcing the opening of the London sales there has been rather more inquiry than a decidedly brisk business going on in anticipation of an advance in London which seems almost inevitable. But as it so often happens, it was the unexpected time that occurred, and while there was considerable firmness and a goodly attendance of buyers at these sales, there was no positive ad-

vance, and manufacturers here considering that fact and knowing that consequently they had little to fear in the way of a wool famine, seem to have concluded that they will for the time being be in no hurry, but confine themselves to the hand-to-mouth course which they have learned so thoroughly by experience of the past two or three years, and await developments."

The *Tribune*, in its report of the New York wool market for the same week, said: "Nearly everybody had been waiting for this sale to come off, as the idea was that it would have a marked bearing on conditions here. It seems, however, that our market is disposed to take its own course, and indications point to a continuation of the firmness that dominates the market. Buyers for the most part take only small lots, but their frequent takings keep up a steady demand." Reports from all the principal wool markets in the country are of a similar tone.

A week later the report of the second week's London sales had been received, but brought no essential encouragement for higher rates. Under date of Sept. 24, the New York market was reported as showing no marked change, with considerable inquiry for wool still continuing, but no heavy transactions. Buyers seemed to prefer to take their wool in lots only large enough to meet present demands.

The *Boston Journal of Commerce* of same date had this to say:

"The market for domestic wool is not active. There have been plenty of manufacturers in the market, but they have not cared to purchase very freely outside of some territory wools and Australian. The information from the London sales, that everybody so eagerly awaited, has so far had nothing of a startling nature. The first selections were not of a character suitable for America, and while the competition was active it was not of a character to admit of a heavy advance in prices. The reports show a better tone and prices upon a few grades, but the general run of prices is no better than at the close of the previous sales. The London market, therefore, has done nothing to change the market here so far, and fleeces must be quoted lower, with Territory wools at the same range of valuation, and Australian wools firm and in sellers' favor."

Bringing the report down still later and to the present time, we find no evidence in any of our markets that the late sales have advanced values to any degree. Thompson & Co., Chicago, in their wool circular, state: "The past three weeks have been quiet ones as regards the demand for wool. Buyers are seemingly pursuing a waiting policy, buying only as they need the stock for actual wants. From present indications we can see no reason for expecting an improvement of values here. At the same time it would seem that most wools are as low as they are likely to be."

The above review gives a pretty clear understanding of the wool market at the present time, and at the same time shows quite clearly how those who are dealing in it, and those who are manufacturing woollen goods, feel about its value in the early future. As to whether it is best to sell or to hold it is not our purpose to advise. We would give our readers all available knowledge of the condition and the tendency of the market that they themselves may be able to draw intelligent conclusions therefrom and govern themselves accordingly.

LIVE STOCK SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

Professional veterinary practice has not been of long standing in our country, neither has it in the world at large. Hence fixed, unquestioned knowledge in regard to animal diseases and their treatment has yet been laid down only to a limited extent. This accounts in large measure for the diverse opinions held, and the wild, erratic practice that has characterized so much of the sanitary work that has been attempted in the several States where efforts at the suppression or striking out of animal diseases have been planned under the control of law. Hence the recent organization of a National Live Stock Sanitary Association, is a much needed step, and should become a movement of great value to our stock interests as well as a matter of no little concern to the taxpayers at large who have in the end to pay the bills. The late work of the state board of health of New York is evidence at hand to this effect. This organization is composed of the live stock sanitary commissioners and their secretaries, the state veterinarians or the officials having the supervision of the diseases of live stock. J. A. Potts of Wisconsin was elected president; Dr. Robert Ward of Maryland, vice-president; and A. M. Brownlie of Illinois, secretary.

The convention met to consider the advisability of more uniformity in State laws regarding infectious and contagious diseases of animals and to study some of the diseases of live stock which are now compelling serious attention. In the discussion on bovine tuberculosis and its transmission to the human system through the meat and milk of tuberculous animals, Dr. D. E. Salmon of the national bureau of animal industry stated that he did not regard as substantiated the theory recently promulgated that the poisonous products of microbes present in the milk and flesh of tuberculous animals, even after sterilization and cooking, are injurious. He said that these products are prob-

ably present in minute quantities and that experiments with animals indicated that much larger amounts may be taken into the alimentary canal with impunity than can be introduced beneath the skin by needle injection. He doubted the inter-communicability of tuberculosis between birds and other animals. Attention was called to the fact that the tuberculin test is the only approximately exact method of diagnosing the disease, that this test requires much time and is costly and that the national department of agriculture had made preliminary analyses which showed that during the test the milk of the tested cows is so changed in chemical composition that it is necessary to throw away the milk of at least one milking, which complicates the difficulties of testing large herds. In the discussion of ticks as the cause and carriers of the southern cattle fever, a new kind of tick was described which infested the ears of some cattle in Texas and New Mexico, causing the cattle to have swollen necks. The majority of the delegates favored uniformity in the aim and substance of State laws respecting the diseases of domestic animals rather than in the details, but co-operation between the State boards and the federal bureau of animal industry was urged, and the special need for uniform rates of compensation for condemned and slaughtered animals was clearly shown. The next convention will meet at Chicago.

A NOTABLE GRASS FARMER.

Some weeks ago we referred to the farming for grass as carried on in some sections of Waldo county. A notable example of grass as an exclusive crop of the farm is that of Mr. Daniel Dyer of West Wintport. Mr. Dyer is a studious reader of the *Farmer*. He is also an occasional correspondent, and it would be for the benefit of its readers if his communications were often found in its columns.

Mr. Dyer has a fine farm, well located, of two hundred and fifty acres, and does not want any less land if he is going to make his farming a business. Seventy acres of this is in one unbroken, unfenced field, with nothing whatever but grass growing in it, save alone a little patch near the buildings devoted to a vegetable garden. The soil of this field, and the whole farm as well, is a clay loam. This character of soil, as all good farmers know, is natural grass land. That is, it is specially adapted to grass production, and perhaps it might correctly be added, better adapted to grass than to general crop farming. After all, this matter of adaptation has much more force as a factor of successful farming than many of our ordinary farmers seem to be aware of. But of this it is not our purpose to dwell at this time, and only throw it in on passing as a thought awaker to those who read what we are writing.

This field of seventy acres, in its different parts, has been kept in exclusive grass production from forty to seventy years without breaking the sod.

There are two kinds of special grass farming, both of which are practiced by different farmers in this same locality. The one is by top-dressing without plowing, and the other is to manure in connection with plowing and the taking off of grain, or some other crop, the whole being of course preparatory for the successive grass crops to follow. As to which is best people differ in opinion, as they do in their practice. Mr. Dyer prefers the former course, and certainly the results he has reached in the production of continuous crops of grass carry with them the evidence that with him the course followed is a success. A given application of manure, he claims, will carry its effects through more years of liberal production, by his practice, than is the case where the plow is used and other crops taken. The field produces an annual yield of a plump hundred tons of hay.

In reply to the question of the cost of harvesting this field of hay, a matter for the benefit of our readers, we wish we could draw out more information than we have yet been able to. Mr. Dyer states that he could not afford to pay outright for the whole job seventy-five cents a ton. Or, in other words, that by turning in his own teams, his own machinery, and doing the work with his regular season's farm help, the actual cost to the farm does not exceed the small figures named. Here is a point worth noting in its relation to divided fields and interior fences.

A fine set of extensive farm buildings is found on the farm such as in passing will cause one to stop and mentally say, "There's a farmer who amounts to something." Mr. Dyer is a dairyman from the word go. He believes in the business thoroughly and practices it right along. He does not, however, feed out all of this great crop of hay. Standing away by itself is a large storage barn for the sale hay. Connected with his stable and other buildings is his stock barn, 110 feet long and filled from end to end with the fodder for his herd of cows and other stock. Mr. Dyer says he gets more dollars a ton for the hay fed out to his cows than for that which is sold on the market. He keeps twenty cows or more, Jerseys or their grades, and grows up

heifers to take the place of those disposed of. The cream from his herd was furnished to Monroe Creamery while that was operated, but is now made into butter at the farm, for the high quality of which the farm has long been noted. The cows are stabled nights through the pasturing season and their stalls kept clean and sweet by a bedding of sawdust scrupulously attended to. For summer pasturage there are three separate forty acre pastures, from one to the other of which the cows are changed each week, thus giving a week's feeding to two weeks rest to each inclosure. For the setting of the milk and the care of the butter modern fixtures are provided in the best of order and affording conveniences for reducing the work to the extent practicable.

In the maintaining of this fine farm home and in the conduct of its business Mr. Dyer is ably assisted by his intelligent and thoroughly capable wife—a lady, and at the same time a partner—and a family of children, some of whom are now old enough to take upon themselves some of the heavier burdens necessarily connected with such a farm. Thus here we find maintained one of those ideal farm homes, combining intelligence, education and refinement, with industry, thrift, and business enterprise, and carrying with it as much of the enjoyments of life as can be provided elsewhere. May such examples multiply among us.

WHEAT MEAL.

Wheat meal is now on the market for the first time in all our knowledge of meal supplies for the farm. The great abundance of wheat in the country, coupled with a curtailed demand and low prices abroad has reduced the price in the wheat producing sections of the country below that of corn in the same locality. As a result wheat meal is now offered in all our markets a little less or about the price of corn meal. This wheat meal is a most excellent stock food. With the possible exception of feeding a grown animal for fattening alone the wheat meal is worth more than corn for all purposes. For growing pigs or feeding cows for milk it will be found most excellent, also for horses at work.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY FAIR.

The sixth annual Exhibition of the Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society opened upon its grounds at Canton on Tuesday the 2d inst.

The first noticeable feature upon entering the grounds is their improved appearance. The exhibition building has been much improved and the accommodations for stock have been enlarged, and some clearing up of bushes and other obstacles has been made. The Society has come to stay and, doubtless, with time and increased receipts, other improvements and larger premiums will result. The Society began with small means, but is steadily pushing to the front, and has a good reputation for giving a clean and attractive show, and already enjoys more than a local reputation.

Threatening weather prevented a large crowd on the first day, but on Wednesday the crowd came intent on seeing the best Show ever held here. The estimate was, that 3,000 persons were on the grounds. The hall exhibit was decidedly the best ever seen. The vegetable and fruit display was exceptionally fine. About 250 head of neat stock was on the grounds Tuesday, and it comprised many fine oxen and steers, several herds, cows, bulls and heifers.

The drawing matches of oxen, steers and horses were interesting, and drew much attention.

In the horse and colt department there was a good exhibit, fair in numbers and comprising some noted animals. In a word it was a fine show.

It would require far more space than that allotted to us to itemize the immense display in both halls, and we can only give some of the awarding committees preferences:

Town Teams—Hartford, 1st; Sumner, 2d; C. J. Jones, 3d; King, 4th; J. P. Bowles, 5th; H. E. Russell, 6th; W. F. Russell, 7th; J. W. Russell, 8th; J. W. Russell, 9th; J. W. Russell, 10th; J. W. Russell, 11th; J. W. Russell, 12th; J. W. Russell, 13th; J. W. Russell, 14th; J. W. Russell, 15th; J. W. Russell, 16th; J. W. Russell, 17th; J. W. Russell, 18th; J. W. Russell, 19th; J. W. Russell, 20th; J. W. Russell, 21st; J. W. Russell, 22nd; J. W. Russell, 23rd; J. W. Russell, 24th; J. W. Russell, 25th; J. W. Russell, 26th; J. W. Russell, 27th; J. W. Russell, 28th; J. W. Russell, 29th; J. W. Russell, 30th; J. W. Russell, 31st; J. W. Russell, 32nd; J. W. Russell, 33rd; J. W. Russell, 34th; J. W. Russell, 35th; J. W. Russell, 36th; J. W. Russell, 37th; J. W. Russell, 38th; J. W. Russell, 39th; J. W. Russell, 40th; J. W. Russell, 41st; J. W. Russell, 42nd; J. W. Russell, 43rd; J. W. Russell, 44th; J. W. Russell, 45th; J. W. Russell, 46th; J. W. Russell, 47th; J. W. Russell, 48th; J. W. 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Woman's Department.

TO "ARBUSUS."

The true mission of flowers in your life is to be a friend. How often a bouquet sent in by a friend helps the despondent one; when though the flowers are dead, the dead leaves tell the story of the hour, yet it can no longer cheer the soul passed on to that higher life, where flowers perennial bloom, where the greatest joy is to behold the King in His beauty.

To me tokens of love from friends are of intrinsic value, although it is no more than a flower. Why should we not seek to brighten the lives of those around us, and leave out some of the caste ideas? It savors too much of heathen lands to laud the rich and great, and leave out the worthy poor; or if unworthy, did not the Christ condescend to be kind even to them? saying, "Go and sin no more." So I like the tone of your article. Give flowers in rich abundance to all, and kind words, too. How many have been saved by a word in kindness spoken, a motion or a tear. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep." To extend the friendly hand is often a power for good. How often we hear it said, "Such an one was not too good to shake hands with me, although he was the President of the Nation."

What an example Mrs. President Hayes set to all lovers of temperance by her prudent refusal of wine on her table, though I doubt not flowers were set there profuse enough. Let us then emulate her example. "Be temperate in all things," and I am sure faith, hope and charity will prevail in making the community better around such places where these things are practiced. Let us try to live each day, separately by itself, aright, looking neither to the right or left to see who will say, "why do ye so?" And at last, when all is over, receive the reward which is best, "Well done good and faithful servant."

Mrs. D. W. WALKER.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis an inspiring theme which wakes to light our pathway. Lonely life without something to love. The fates that guide us in the way of life teach us to love things beautiful; and when we lie down, past all strife and sorrow in this world, feel we have won the "higher life," promised by God's only Son. It is a spectacle to look upon. The works of nature—her snowy robes of white, which change suddenly to gray, then green; soft fields of light, and beauty in the hills and groves; the azure skies, the sunset glow—all things reveal in Thee and trust Thee so. The river gliding onward, still and slow; all things in nature speak to us of Thee. The Godhead beautiful, who speaks to us in love, in forms of beauty, and in the still, small voice, speaks wonderful words to us, His children: "Peace, be still, and know that I am God."

TABITHA.

THE CARE OF THE EARS.

1. Never put anything into the ear for the relief of earache.
2. Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.
3. Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.
4. Never drop anything into the ear, unless it has been previously warmed.
5. Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleaning the ears from pus.
6. Never strike or box a child's ears; this has caused incurable deafness.
7. Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oil-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.
8. Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil tips or anything of that nature.
9. Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward a window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.
10. Never put milk, fat or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid, and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.
11. Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface, and can be easily removed with the fingers. A few puffs of smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.
12. Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button or foreign object, lie inside absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.

TWO ENDS OF A TELESCOPE.

Dear beloved, you have no need to look at all people in this way, only some people, writes Robert J. Burdette, in his own inimitable style, in the October Ladies' Home Journal. When the size and weight of the superior person presses heavily upon you, when you are bowed down under the awful grandeur of the epaulettes and alights and decorations, when you bow yourself to the ground and bare your head in the presence of the "Envoy Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary, Ambassador, Superintendant and Paramount," just wait a minute; I'll run around the corner and bring you a man in a hickory shirt and one suspender, with a wood saw in one hand and a piece of ham in the other, who will say to all this grandeur, "Hello, Bill!" He went to school with him, and saw him through the little end of the spy-glass.

Look at your troubles the same way. I have a foolish tendency to magnify my troubles; you may not be so afflicted. But I have looked at a mountain of trouble until it made Ossa like a wart, and when it was ready to topple over on and crush me. I have reversed the spy-glass just in time, and looked down at a mole hill which I flattened out with my foot until I could not see, on the smooth

STARTLING G. A. R. STORY.

Capt. Geo. H. Davenport, the Popular and Well-known G. A. R. Veteran, Relates an Experience. A Leader and Power in Grand Army Circles.



CAPT. GEO. H. DAVENPORT.

Capt. Geo. H. Davenport of Barnstable, Mass., is a most popular and widely known man, especially in Grand Army circles. He is Pension Agent and every body knows him. He is best known to the whole country through his discovery of "Davenport's Silver Pomade," probably the best article of its kind in the world.

Capt. Davenport is a most entertaining speaker, and his relation of the following incident will be interesting to everybody.

"I had been troubled severely for years with heart disease, and the effects of malarial poison contracted in the army. I was so nervous and weak that I was unable to do any hard work for years.

"I consulted many doctors, but have found no good results from them. I finally used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and can say that it has done great things for me.

"I have been helped in the heart trouble more than from any and all other things I ever used. I find that for weakness and nervous excitement it is a great help. For instance, on Memorial Day I addressed the G. A. R. at Northfield, and on the following day at Whately. I gave an address before their G. A. R., without any apparent fatigue, which I could not

have done before I used Dr. Greene's Nervura.

"I have often recommended this wonderful cure for disease to my friends, and shall be happy to answer any further inquiries from any one."

The experience of the gallant captain is the experience of everybody. All who use this great cure of disease, this restorer of health and strength, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, report that it invariably makes them well.

The weak, nervous and ailing should try it on the strength of what everybody who has used it says of its wonderful curative powers. It will cure you.

Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies, when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass? If you take this medicine you can consider yourself under Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult him or write to him about your case, freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that this remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

Young Folks' Column.

JUST A WORD.

Once a little girl I know,
Said a little word;
Whispered it so very low,
Just one person heard.
And that person told it o'er,
Just to one or two,
Adding to it one word more,
As so many do!
And at once the two that heard
Told it in a crowd;
Each adding one more word
Till it quite alone!
Straightway every one that heard
Shouted loud and clear,
'Till the hapless little word
Floated far and near.
Then the maiden raised her head,
She was very glad
That the little thing she said
Wasn't something bad!

KATY DID.

There was a cherry tree in papa's garden. There was a little girl in papa's house. The little girl's name was Katy. The cherries were very large, and red and juicy. There were not many of them—so few that papa had counted every one.

"Katy," said papa, "you must not pick one of those cherries. Uncle Jack is coming to see them when they are all ripe."

"What good is seeing?" grumbled Katy.

"And taste them," added papa, laughing.

Katy meant to let them alone. She thought she would just look at them—so large, and red, and juicy! Then, she touched one softly. Almost before she knew it was off.

She couldn't put it back on the stem, so she put it into her mouth! Oh, how sweet it was! So sweet that a second soon followed—as a second sin generally follows the first. She sat down and looked at the others. Just then papa came into the garden, and a tiny voice sounded from the cherry tree.

"Katy did it! Katy did it! Katy did it!" Katy began to cry.

"Mean thing to tell 'fore I could," she sobbed. "I didn't mean to do it!"

Papa looked at her sadly, and the plying voice went on:

"Katy did it! Katy did it! Katy did it!"

"Do you want to see who has told," asked papa, after peering into the cherry tree for a minute. "Here he is," and he showed her a tiny, green insect, much like a winged grasshopper.

"That thing!" ejaculated puzzled Katy. "Why, he can't talk!"

As she spoke the insect elevated his gauzy wings, looked at her knowingly, and chirped.

"Katy did it! Katy did it!"

"She never will again—never, papa," declared blushing Katy.

And she never has.

She thinks Katy-dids know a great deal, and, when she is good, she likes to

sit by the garden wall, after the sun has set, and hear them chirp merrily, as if they were telling each other all about it.

ELLA H. STRATTON.

A SNAKE STORY.

"Tell about yer snake stories," said Gus, "when Jake and I went a gunning, down in the mountain wilds in North Carolina, I had an experience in the snake line, and saw a snake, such as I do not believe was ever seen or heard of before."

"Jake was acquainted with the country and knew where there was an old deserted cabin. This we took possession of for the few days we snatched from our business for recreation. Game was plenty. It was in the fall of 1872; the nights were rather cool. I was not feeling well; Jake had gone to the spring for water, and on the way back he stopped to pick up some wood for the evening."

"While sitting there alone, by the dim light of a few small sticks, my mind running back to the early days when the country was inhabited by the red man, and game was plenty, there came a sudden sharp sound from the closed door, and, with the rapidity of lightning, something seemed to be going around that room. As it passed between me and the fire it seemed like a snake eight or ten feet long. In less time than it takes to tell this I should think it had made more than forty circuits of the cabin. Another sharp thud at the door, and it was gone. Soon Jake came in, bringing an armful of wood and a bucket, and of an old beef can, full of fresh water from the spring. I told him what had happened. He laughed, and said I must be coming down with the fever and getting delirious. If I was a little unwell, I knew I was not what might be termed sick. But Jake laughed on, and so ridiculed my story that I said no more."

"By the now glowing fire we cooked our rations, army fashion; smoked our pipes, and talked of things in general. With a few boughs collected near by we made a fair bed. The next morning, as we lay there a few moments after waking, I saw Jake looking earnestly at the door. 'What are you looking at?' said I. 'At these two nice round holes in that door. Just look at them. They were not there yesterday.' Then he got up and examined them. He opened the door and looked at them from the outside. 'By jings,' says he, 'that's mighty queer.' Then it seemed as though a thought flashed across his mind. 'Gus, what was that yarn you were telling me last night?' I repeated the story to him. 'Well, it is queer enough. I know too much about the snake tribe in general to believe that a snake could make, in the manner your words imply, such holes as these; but, nevertheless, it looks that way, by George, don't it? Get up here and come and look at these holes. Don't be lying there all day.' So I arose and looked at them. They were a mystery to us both, and more mysterious when, a few moments later, we found two nice, smooth-cut blocks, like hoghead-bungs, one outside and one within the cabin, which fit the respective holes perfectly."

"We went out to hunt for the day, and somehow strayed a long distance from the cabin; so did not succeed in reaching it till quite late. As we approached the cabin Jake motioned for me to lay low. I knew by his manner that he saw something, and was on the point of raising his gun for aim. 'Bang!' and the next instant he was running toward the object he had fired at. Before I could reach him he was pinning something down to the ground with his gun. It proved to be a large snake. We made sure of it, and then turned in our cabin and made ourselves comfortable for the night. The next morning we found the large dead snake."

"A queer-looking head," says Jake. Yes; it was a queer-looking head. You know how a turtle draws his head into his shell. Well, this snake had something that seemed to fit over his head, that could be drawn back and forth, like a piece of tooth-pointed stove-pipe. On the end, which could be thrown out beyond the head, there were sharp and hard teeth, much like a trepanning instrument. Studying the dead specimen, I should say that he must have had the power to throw this covering forward and at the same time to give it a twist, and thereby make a neat round hole."

"Jake now became more interested in my yarn, as he termed it. He asked more questions about it than I was able to answer. 'Well, that beats the Dutch, don't it? We must keep mum, though, when we get home, else the folks will think we have been among the 'moon-shiners' and had some of their 'pine-top whiskey.' We thought to bring the specimen home with us, but the next night, when we got back to the cabin, we found it occupied by some natives, and it seems they had bruised the serpent's head with their heels till it was of no special value to any one. We spent the night with them, but no more snakes came around to pay a visit to that cabin while we were there."

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

How the Rose of Sharon Became the Rose of England.

That the rose is the national flower of England, and was accepted as such at the conclusion of the wars of the roses, when the red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York were united by the marriage of the representatives of the two warring houses, most readers of history know. How this flower came to be the badge of either house, not many people even guess. The few students who suppose they know its history say that the white rose came to the house of York through the family of Clifford, whose device it had long been, and beyond whom it cannot be traced. The red rose, it is supposed, dates back to Eleanor of Provence, queen of Henry III., and was her personal device, assumed for love of the beautiful Provence roses of her native duchy, and transmitted to her descendants of Lancaster.

But in the recently published life of Dean Stanley, a devoted student of historic traditions, a new and picturesque origin is assigned to the national flower. He gathered the story while visiting in a chateau in the little town of Provins, France, and believed it to be correct. According to it, the red rose of England was never a Provence rose, but instead was a rose of Provins.

The chateau of Provins belonged centuries ago to the counts of Champagne, and in the time of the Fourth Crusade one of these counts, called Thibaut the Troubadour, became a crusader and visited the Holy Land.

On his return he brought to his wife a rose-bush with a splendid bright crimson flower—the rose of Sharon—and this was planted in the castle garden, where it grew and flourished.

Soon it spread to neighboring gardens, and the town became famous for roses. Wreaths for the great church festivals were made from these roses from the Holy Land; they were used to grace all gala occasions, and the good French housewives even turned them to more practical account. They made such an appetizing delicacy from rose leaves, put up with sugar or syrup, that its fame spread far beyond the immediate neighborhood, and it commanded a ready sale throughout the entire region under the name of Conserves de Roses de Provins.

A generation later the prosperity of the town received a sad shock, and the preserving industry almost disappeared, with the other industries of its citizens.

Provins had a mayor of such oppressive views on the labor question that he ventured to ring the great curfew bell, which ended the working day, an hour later than had been customary.

This the work-people would not endure. They mobbed the unpopular magistrate, and killed him in his own house. They did not stop to consider the possible consequence of such an act. The line of the counts of Champagne had become extinct, but Blanche, the widow of the last one, had married Edmund Crouchback, first earl of Lancaster, who promptly undertook to punish the unruly inhabitants.

He made such havoc that the town never recovered from it, and had even to submit to having a new bell made and named Guillaume, in honor of the murdered mayor, Guillaume. This bell, after six centuries, still rings the curfew in Provins every night.

The full Provins curfew is the only rose, the rose of Sharon, the rose of Provins, has become the rose of England.

Misunderstood.

A young man, who looked every inch the bridegroom, stood in the rotunda of the Great Northern the other day, says the Chicago Times, telling a friend of the manner of his proposal to his bride. She had known of his wild ways and fondly hoped to reform him through marriage. "After I had popped the question and she had accepted me," he said, "I at once began to talk about the wedding. 'We will go away somewhere by ourselves, my dear,' I said; 'there will be no flourish, no cards, no ceremony'—here she interrupted me, and with a dignified sweep of her arm, declared: 'Mr. —, I shall certainly insist upon a ceremony.'"

The Horse's Ears.

When the horse sleeps it is said that his ears are directed forward, why is not known. A writer in the English Mechanic thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of their originally wild habits. He says: Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable and make a faint noise to the front. That ear will be all attention, and probably the other will fly round sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again, and make the same noise to the left. The forward ear will keep his guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position.



This brand of flour will make from forty to sixty pounds more bread to the barrel than flour made from winter wheat.

YOUR GROCER KEEPS IT.

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANGER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. For all the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.



Also Dirigo Business College, Augusta, Me.

Having purchased the interest of the late R. B. Capen in the Dirigo Business College of Augusta, Me., it will be opened on MONDAY, SEPT. 17th, under the management of WALTER F. FOSS, who has been connected with the Shaw Business College for the past three years. The course of study will be identical with that of the Shaw Business College, and a new feature will be introduced, namely: *Daily Transactions* between the two schools, such as *Actual Business Practice*, *Clearing House Settlements*, *Shipments of Merchandise*, and the many items of practical business events which render this branch of education so interesting and instructive.

Mr. Foss will be assisted by an able corps of assistants such as the demands of the business will require. Such an opportunity for securing a practical business education has never before been offered to the young people of this vicinity. The *Shorthand Department* will open Oct. 1st in charge of Alice J. Bradbury. The system taught is the *Benn Pitman*. Full particulars will be given on application. Address all communications to F. L. SHAW, Principal, Augusta, Me., or Portland, Me.

DISLIKE THE TELEGRAPH.

The Chinese Regard It as an Instrument of Evil.

Two American bicyclers, Allen and Sachtleben, tell in the Century of their meeting with a Chinaman in the heart of the flowery kingdom who electrified them by addressing them in the purest English. "He was one of that party of mandarins' sons which had been sent over to our country some years ago, as an experiment by the Chinese government, to receive a thorough American training. We cannot here give the history of that experiment, as Mr. Woo related it—how they were subsequently accused of cutting off their queues and becoming denationalized, how, in consequence, they were recalled to their native land, and degraded rather than elevated, both by the people and the government, because they were foreign in their sentiments and habits; and how, at last, they gradually began to force recognition through the power of merit alone. He had now been sent out by the government to engineer the extension of the telegraph line from Suichow to Urumchi. It was feared by the government that the employment of a foreigner in this capacity would only increase the power for evil which the natives already attributed to this foreign innovation. The similarity in the phrases telegraph pole and dry heaven recalled to the common belief that the line of poles then stretching across the country was responsible for the long-existing drought. In one night several miles of poles were sawed short off, by the secret order of a band of conspirators. After several decapitations, the poles were now being stored, and labeled with the words: 'Put up by order of the emperor.'"

PARIS SEWER BOOTS.

How They are Utilized in Making Fine Shoes for Ladies.

Speaking of the fashions brings us to an odd discovery which has recently been made. There is a small shop on the other side of the Seine, in the Rue des Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the second-hand boots of the men who work in sewers. These boots, says a Paris letter, are furnished by the state, and come half way up to the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new they cost nine dollars; when sold second-hand they realize the modest sum of fifty cents; but as at least six thousand pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles it makes quite a booming industry.

The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer-cleaners so perpetually paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers; for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV. heel. At first this was done by a piece of iron; but that was heavy and clumsy, so finally the ingenious dealer hit upon this substitute, to the delight of the sewer-cleaners, who realized a modest sum, and the content of the fashionable bootmaker, whose shoes profited by the change; but the great lady whose satin-shod feet glide over the earth with such majesty of gait little knows that one of the component parts of her dainty footgear has risen from a sewer to reach her.

A CURE FOR WORMS.

TRUFF'S PIN WORM EXPELLER. NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL WORMS FROM EITHER CHILDREN OR ADULTS. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Send everywhere.

Dr. J. F. TRUFF & CO., NEW YORK.

EDUCATE

GRAY'S PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

L. A. GRAY & SON, PORTLAND, ME.

Farm for Sale at Readfield, Me.

Consists of eighty acres, under a good state of cultivation. Excellent hay farm and has a good pasture. Buildings convenient and in repair. The farm is situated one mile from the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College. It will be sold at a bargain, and on easy terms. For particulars address, Mrs. E. J. EARLE, Kent's Hill, Me.

FRUIT AND STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

The homestead farm of the late A. C. Carr of Winthrop, is for sale. This farm is located at East Winthrop, five minutes post office. Cuts 60 tons of hay. Raises some years a thousand dollars worth of apples. A very desirable farm; will be sold at a great bargain for cash. Inquire of L. T. CARLETON, Adm'r., Winthrop, Me. June 12, 1894.

TOOTH BRUSHES.

I have just secured a job lot of imported. Usual price, 25 to 35c. Am selling for 15c.

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, opp. P. O.

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1894.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. Ayer is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Somerset County.
Mr. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot County.

Hunters are now seeking the woods
for big game.

Arctic explorers are making arrange-
ments to tell us again this winter how
they didn't find the pole.

The shipments of apples from Boston
the past week were 18,161 barrels to
Liverpool, and 2000 to Glasgow.

We would inform "Constant Reader"
that Mr. John Wannamaker's post office
address is Philadelphia, Pa.

We are living in such a swift age that
a Chicago century plant only 35 years
old is already in bloom.

After twenty years' practicing with
moral suasion, Switzerland has gone
back to capital punishment.

Arrangements are being made for the
meeting of the Maine State Grange in
Bangor, for three days beginning Dec.
18th. The sessions will probably be
held in Y. M. C. A. hall.

A watch that needs cleaning wears it-
self out about ten times as fast as one
that is kept in proper condition. It is
just so with our bodies. And that fact
people are learning every day.

Our correspondent, Mr. J. W. Lang of
Bowdoinham, who has been in feeble
health for a long time, is able to be
about the house and do-yard, but is
not able to make much effort in the way
of labor.

Our correspondent at Waldoboro is in-
formed that we published with our full
report the official premiums announced
at the last State Fair. If there were any
omissions in the classes referred to, we
cannot now recall them.

What painter could reproduce the
beautiful autumn tints of the forests?
Crimson, brown, red, scarlet and green
intermingling, giving a picture more
wonderful than ever flit across the mind
of the most extravagant dreamer.

As it is now legal to shoot deer,
moose and caribou in this State, sports-
men are rushing here from every section
of the country. There has probably
never been a year when so many sports-
men from other States were in the
woods waiting for close time to end.

Our clergymen will be interested in
the following maxims given out by a
Jewish rabbi for preachers. They are:
"If you have nothing to say, say nothing.
When you are done, stop. Do not
speak nonsense in the pulpit." So will
the listeners be interested.

A writer for the *Waltham Free Press*
has found out by actual count that a
barber makes 603 movements with a
razor in shaving him. This is exclusive
of the movements necessary for applying
the soap and washing the face; neither
does it embrace the usual movements of
the tongue in edifying the customer.

One Maine teacher who is trying to
train her pupils to be ready for sudden
surprises, has a way of springing unex-
pected questions at them when they be-
gin to grow dull and inattentive. The
other day, in the midst of a lesson, she
made the remark: "It is now ten
minutes past ten, what time will it be in
five minutes?" And half the class had
to glance at the clock before answering.

The fool season has begun. Arthur
Thorning and Frank Blake of Keene, N.
H., aged eighteen and fifteen respectively,
were out here hunting all day, were on
their way home Friday afternoon, and sug-
gested that they have a mock duel. They
paced off thirty or forty yards and turned
and fired, supposing their guns were
empty. Blake contained a charge of
shot which struck Thorning in the face,
lacerating it terribly and destroying both
eyes. He was taken to the Elliott hospi-
tal. Both families are prostrated by the
shock.

Friends of the higher education
throughout the State will rejoice that
President Whitman of Colby University
has declined the flattering call to Co-
lumbia College, Washington, and will
remain in Waterville, where his in-
fluence has been so powerfully felt the
past three years. We anticipated this
result from the start, for we think that
the two or three hundred young men
and women who are crowding Colby's
halls are worthy the best efforts of this
able head. And we are doubly rejoiced
that in making this decision inclination
and duty coincided on the part of the
President.

The plan of President Hyde of Bow-
doin College, on religious cooperation,
seems a good and practicable one. He
wants the various religious societies in
the rural sections of Maine, which are
now so impoverished that they are actu-
ally struggling for existence, to throw
aside denominational divisions as far as
practicable, and unite on a non-denomi-
national basis. No doubt the number of
meeting houses in Maine is altogether
disproportionate to the number of active
Christians. In Maine we want less
meeting houses and more worshippers.
In communities where several churches
are "living at a poor dying rate," the
people should "pool their issues," get
upon some common platform of agree-
ment, and unite in sustaining one strong,
vigorous church. The day when this
will be brought about generally, may be
delayed by sectarian narrowness, but it
is sure to come.

A KENNEBEC TOWN.

Interesting Glimpses of Early History.
A few miles above Augusta, on the
east side of the river, is situated the
large and thriving town of Vassalboro,
spelled in other days, "Vassalborough."
We do not think all our people are aware
of its primeval importance. For in-
stance, how few of our people know that
it once paid a larger State tax than did
Augusta? But such is the fact.

Mr. W. A. Austin of Cross Hill, Vassal-
boro, one of the most intelligent
gentlemen in that community, has come
into possession of a large number of
the town records and papers, that but
for his thoughtfulness were doomed to
oblivion. These he has accorded us the
privilege of examining, and with his
assistance we are able to present the
readers of the *Farmer* the result of the
examination.

As we have already intimated, Vassal-
boro, in its earlier days, was a town of
considerable importance, paying in 1821,
the first year after Maine attained its
Statehood, a larger State tax than either
Augusta, Belfast, Biddeford, Bangor or
Lewiston. In 1768 there were only eight
families living in town; but from that
time on the growth of the town in popu-
lation was quite rapid. The valuation
book for 1788 shows that a tax was
placed on 264 polls and estates, while
the tax book for 1806 still further in-
creases the number to 304, although the
present town of Sidney had been set off
from Vassalboro in 1792.

The population continued to gradually
increase until it reached between 3000
and 4000. Then, along in the fifties, the
emigration fever invaded the town, as it
did many other towns in the State, carry-
ing off to Ohio and other Western States,
hundreds of the population, and causing a
rapid decrease in numbers. Again,
over sixty of Vassalboro's sons gave up
their lives for the Union cause during
the War of the Rebellion. So that the
census of 1890 actually showed eleven
less population than the census of 1810.

Three families contributed largely to
the business interests of Vassalboro in
its earlier days. "Gethells's Corner"
was named for John Gethell, who with
several sons were the first settlers in
that vicinity. In consulting the valua-
tion book for 1788, we find the Gethell
family taxed for 1500 acres of land, with
123 acres improved, producing in 1787
two hundred and ten bushels of corn
and grain, and ninety-two tons of hay.

The Gethells owned 6 horses and 23
cows, besides considerable young stock.
Benjamin Brown, for whom "Brown's
Corner" derives its name, was at one
time one of the largest business men on
the Kennebec above Augusta, and it is
often related by the older residents that
Brown's Landing was one of the busiest
places on the river. His valuation for
the year 1820 was \$17,712, including
\$8000 in bank stock—with one single
exception larger than any taxpayer in
Vassalboro to-day. This was considerable
wealth for those days.

Probably the largest business ever
transacted in Vassalboro by private indi-
viduals was by the Southwicks, who
operated a large tannery at North Vassal-
boro, and another at Gethells's Corner,
besides carrying on several other small
industries. Negumkeag Bank (a State
bank) was established in Vassalboro by
the Southwicks, with a circulation at
one time of over fifty thousand dollars.
The Southwicks, as early as 1820, paid a
tax on a valuation of over twenty-thous-
and dollars.

As we look over these old documents,
we meet with surprise all the way
along. In 1780 the town taxed all male
polls above the age of 16 years at two
shillings and three pence each.

The best executed piece of work is
shown in the valuation book of 1788. It
is a written book, the text and figures
being as finely formed and is artistically
executed as copperplate. The property is
"estimated" by the Selectmen, Obediah
Williams, Lieut. Thomas Smiley, and
Eben Moore.

In 1780 the town was fined by the
General Court of Massachusetts \$19, for
sending a representative to the legisla-
ture. How things have changed! Now,
there are a dozen applicants for every
chance to be sent as representative,
generally resulting in a quarrel because
they can't go.

As showing the transition, made
necessary by the laws of business, the
tax of 1794 was assessed in the pounds,
shillings and pence of England, and that
of 1795 in the dollars and cents of our
present currency.

That was the period when church and
State were one, when the town hired
the minister, and the property was
taxed for his support. We copy from
the original the following petition pre-
sented to the Selectmen in 1777:

To the Selectmen of Vassalboro—
Gentlemen: The petition of the sub-
scribers, inhabitants of said town, humbly
sheweth that where as said town hath
for a long time been without an Orthodox
preacher of the gospel in it, and your Petitioners being fully
sensible that to neglect to have preach-
ing in said town is going counter to the
Divine command and an Inlet to Vice
and Immorality—
Your Petitioners therefore humbly
pray that in your warrant for the next
annual March meeting in said Town you
insert an article to see if the Town will
grant a sum of money to Hire a min-
ister the summer ensuing, or some part
thereof, and act on anything pertaining
to the premises as they in their wisdom
shall see fit.

And in duty bound, your Petition-
ers shall ever pray.
Vassalboro, Feb. 11, 1777.
COLLINS MOORE,
STEPHEN BARTON,
CHAR. JACKSON,
JOHN BRAGO,
JONATHAN BALLARD,
JOSEPH WEBBER,
JAMES BACON,
DANIEL JACKSON,
NATHANIEL WATERS,
GAMALIEL GERALD,
REUBEN FREEMAN,
NATH'L DOE,
JONAS PRIEST,
GEO. SPRIATT,
and others.

Now, at the present time, instead of
hunting around after the minister, the
ministers are hunting around after a
pulpit. Things have changed in Kenne-
bec county since 1777.

In 1781 an article was put in the town
warrant "to see if the town will vote for

swine to run at large." There was
another article to raise beef and clothing
for the army of the Revolution; a certain
amount being apportioned to all the
towns in the District of Maine, accord-
ing to their inhabitants. Our fathers
got the people together in frequent
town meetings, and the patriotic duty of
raising supplies for the army was often
the theme under consideration. At this
time the crows were as great a nuisance
in the farmer's cornfield as now, and
the town paid a bounty of fifty cents for
each black rascal's head. Quite an in-
crement for the organization of hunt-
ing parties.

The check list of 1812 shows 305
names on it. The oldest paper in the
series we examined is the notice for the
town meeting in 1771. Among the war-
rants is one to see if the town will grant
any money to hire a school master and a
minister.

The loyal people of Vassalboro, along
with other towns, struggled nobly to
make of the District of Maine a distinct
and separate State, and held various
special town meetings on the subject.
For thirty-seven years the struggle con-
tinued after the contest begun, and they
were years of constant agitation. Peleg
Wadsworth, well known throughout
Maine, headed the petitions, and was
conspicuous in the movement. The
people were writing under the burdens
the mother State had imposed, and
longed to be free. This was at last
brought about in 1820, and that was the
last year the State tax was assessed by
Massachusetts. Maine, as a State, made
her first assessment in 1821.

The valuation list of 1820 shows that
in Vassalboro improved land was valued
at \$4 an acre. Southwick's stock in the
tannery business was valued at \$14,000.
In 1821, the town voted to tax all male
polls, above the age of 18 years, at seven-
teen cents each. Under the new order of
things it was less expensive to run the
town than when a part of Massachusetts.
Under Massachusetts it cost \$6200; after
the separation the cost was \$4650, show-
ing a saving of \$1550.

DEATH OF DR. HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the distin-
guished author, wit and poet, died at
his Beacon Street residence in Boston,
a little past noon on Sunday, from a
complication of diseases. Dr. Holmes
has been in feeble health for a long time,
and, although an iron constitution, had
longer battled disease, it was at last suc-
ceeded. The last hours of Dr. Holmes
were passed quietly with his family at
his bedside. Dr. Holmes returned from
Beverly Farms about twelve days ago,
and the removal greatly fatigued him,
and it is thought, hastened his end.

Dr. Holmes was born in Cambridge,
Mass., August 29, 1809. He graduated
at Harvard in 1829 and commenced the
study of law, but soon abandoned it for
medicine.

Early in 1833 he visited Europe, where
for nearly three years he pursued medi-
cal studies. He returned to his native
country in 1835 and took the degree of
doctor of medicine at Harvard in 1836.

In 1838 he was elected professor of
anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth
college. About two years after he re-
signed this position, and in 1847 was
chosen to fill the same chair in Har-
vard University, as successor to Dr. War-
ren. Young Holmes had distinguished
himself as a poet, even before he left col-
lege. In 1830 he read before the Phi
Beta Kappa society, at Cambridge,
"Poetry, a Metrical Essay," which was
soon after published in a small volume
with a number of other poems.

In 1857-8 he contributed to the *Atlan-
tic Monthly* a series of papers entitled
"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
These contributions abound in humor
and wit and exhibit a shrewd insight in-
to human character.

His other principal productions are
"Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian
Angel," besides numerous minor works,
among which are "Mechanism in
Thought and Morals," "Songs of Many
Seasons," "John L. Motley, a Memoir,"
"The Iron Gate and Other Poems," and
a biography of Emerson.

As a poet Dr. Holmes was distinguished
for wit and humor joined with a remark-
able felicity of expression. As a song
writer he had few, if any superiors in
America, but he more particularly
excelled in the playful vein. Among
his effusions of this class, perhaps no
better example which exhibits his play-
ful fancy or his wonderful felicity and
fertility of resources as a versifier, than
his lines addressed to Agassiz when
setting out on his scientific tour in South
America.

A series of genial papers from his
pen, entitled "Over the teacup" appeared
in the *Atlantic Monthly* during 1890.
The latter years of his life have been
spent in quiet retirement at Beverly
Farms, broken occasionally by a lecture
to the Harvard students.

The Indians' State Fair last week
brought out a very small number of horses.
Objectionable classifications, small pre-
miums and high railroad rates are respon-
sible, together with the general lack of
interest in horse breeding.—*Gazette.*

This is the same cry as may be heard
in many of the States, and is in striking
contrast with the policy of our State
policy in offering and paying liberal
premiums, with complete classification
of stock, and especially with the liberal
policy of Maine railroads, the Maine
Central in particular. Anything which
will aid in developing the resources of
Maine has always found in Mr. Tucker
a ready champion. Exhibitors cannot
realize the full measure of assistance
rendered until they attempt to show at
other fairs, where business is conducted
upon a different basis.

License laws fail of enforcement as
frequently as prohibitory statutes. Dur-
ing 1893 in New York city there were
4079 arrests for violation of license laws.
Of these 56 only were tried, with the re-
sult of 35 convictions and 21 acquittals.

After an existence of only six months,
the *Rockland Daily Star* has reached a
daily circulation of over 3000, a record
of which it may justly be proud. It issues
a paper that of itself demands the most
liberal patronage.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Yesterday the Old South Parish (Con-
gregationalist) church in this city,
reached the one hundredth anniversary
of its existence, and this mother of
churches called together her sons and
daughters to participate in the interest-
ing centennial services. This church
has a history of which we are all proud,
and who can estimate the amount of
good it has done in the long space of a
century? It started with only fifteen
members. Rev. Charles Turner officiated
at the service. This church has a history
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Items of Maine News.

Next season there is to be quite a boom in building operations in Farmington. A. W. Kimball, postmaster at Gilead for 38 years, has retired and D. R. Hastings has been appointed in his place.

Six years ago, Oct. 2, 1888, the ground in Arundel county was covered with snow to the depth of two inches.

Old Fellows in Caribou have bought the King block, and intend to spend several thousand dollars in fitting it up.

Small game is very plenty at Sebco. Partridges, ducks, etc., are very tame this season.

The Richmond Lumber Co. has recently made a purchase of 3,000,000 feet of logs, which will keep the employes busy until the river freezes.

Wednesday the dead body of Charles Halloway was found near the railroad bridge at Lewiston. It is thought he fell off the bridge while drunk.

Mr. Elmer E. Richards of Farmington having resigned the office of clerk of courts for the county of Franklin, George C. Smith on Tuesday appointed Byron M. Small to fill the vacancy.

Dr. William F. Giddings, a prominent dentist of Seattle, Wash., committed suicide, Sunday, in his office by shooting himself in the head. He was a native of Portland, Maine.

John Tierney of Littleton ridge, a well known and prominent farmer of that place, who was gored by a bull, a few days before, died on Tuesday the 2d, from his injuries, aged 63 years and 9 months. He leaves a wife and family.

A 3-year-old boy named McGarry, of Biddeford, found a flask of liquor in a closet, Sunday, and drank its contents. He lay in a stupor two hours and then died of alcoholic poisoning and paralysis of the heart.

In the case of State vs. Smith (alias Jason) and Curtis B. F. Hamilton on trial at Alfred, the jury retired at 10.45 after a charge of an hour's length. At 12.30 they returned a verdict of "not guilty."

This is the case in which Charles Richardson of Lewiston was charged with the robbery of a highway robbery.

The drug and jewelry store of Dr. J. Irish, Franklin street Lewiston, was entered Thursday night by burglars. The store was effected by a back window.

A dozen watches, two dozen chains and numerous other valuables were missing. Three suspicious looking characters were seen in the vicinity, and the police think they know the men.

James Coleman, James Powers and John L. Laro, who Wednesday in the District Court at Portland, pleaded guilty to the charge of robbing the post office at Danforth in August, were on trial Thursday before Judge Putnam, in the United States circuit court, on an indictment charging them with cracking the safe in the post office at Danforth, Aug. 27. The jury found them guilty.

The schooner Frank McDowell of Philadelphia, was abandoned Thursday morning off Cape Cod, while on a passage from Sullivan, Me., to Philadelphia, with a cargo of paving stones. The crew was picked up by a Portland vessel, and taken into Boston.

The schooner was caught in a gale, and sprung a leak the pumps being of no avail, and in that condition the crew took to their lives.

Burglars broke into four places in Turner village Wednesday night—Pierce's meat shop, J. C. Hobbs' cigar and confectionery shop, the post office and the home of B. Bradford's store. The crew of the schooner Hobbs' store, a few coppers and coins from Pierse's. Nothing was taken from the post office. Fifteen dollars and a buffalo coat from W. B. Bradford's. No attempt was made to break into the home of B. Bradford.

The burglars entered by back windows, the dark night favoring them.

A large whale disporting about Eastport harbor for several days past, has afforded a sight of unusual interest to the onlookers, who watch the big animal's rolling, roiling movements as he passes to and fro, evidently busied about securing a meal of the piscatorial life with which the waters of the harbor seem to be fairly teeming.

In his search for food the whale was seen thrashing his way with remarkable precision among the numerous boats and shipping, while traveling with a slowness that would distance the fastest steamer.

Our farmers have had a prosperous season and are harvesting good crops. The apple crop is larger than was anticipated early in the season, and apples are abundant in our market. Porters and haulers are selling for forty cents, and potatoes for fifty cents a bushel.

Full feed is excellent and thus far we have had only light frost.

Great improvements have been made in the College campus during the past year. The new Scientific building and the Art building, just completed, are splendid edifices and add much to the college grounds. The number of students entered this fall is larger than last year, and the college is in a prosperous condition.

Our large cotton factory is in full operation, and are also other manufacturing concerns. The French population now numbers two thousand, and compose nearly all the operatives in the cotton factory.

Robert Hutton of Topsham, while at work on a new house last week, fell and so severely injured that he succumbed two days later. He was a soldier in the late civil war, a worthy citizen and a member of the Union Veterans' Union. His remains were escorted to their last resting place by his old comrades of the U. V. U.

The Baker P. Co., whose unique advertising of their Kidney Remedy has created so much comment throughout New England, are distributing an invaluable mechanical toy, the balancing act, bearing the name of the company, bearing the name of the company, bearing the name of the company.

The enterprising druggists, F. G. Kline and Co., are making a window display of their goods, and will present one of the butterflies to every caller at the pharmacy.

On clear nights the heavens now most certainly "declare the glory of God." Stars are the chief attraction of the evening sky, and this planet will be interesting during the entire month of October, for its movements and its brilliancy. The morning stars are Jupiter, Neptune and Venus.

Murders and assaults with intent to kill are becoming fearfully common in our good State of Maine. We can reckon half a dozen within a short time. The abolition of the gallows seems not to deter men and women from committing murder.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-purifier is unnecessary. There is but one good Sarsaparilla and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1889, being the only blood-purifier admitted to the exhibition.

An apocryphal advertisement appears in the paper to-day. If your mine prices are so good as Mrs. Jones' it's because she gets good prices and seasonings at the reliable Drug Store, opposite post office, Augusta.

Dyspepsia Cured

"My wife has been a great sufferer with dyspepsia for over four years. Three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have perfectly cured her. At times the lightest food would distress her terribly. She could not sleep well at night and she said no one could tell how badly she felt. She was also troubled with sick headaches. She had tried different kinds of medicine, but none did her any good. At last Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and one bottle did her so much good that she took two more and now she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled with the river freese."

Mrs. Otis Merrill

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures

Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

The State Valuation.

The valuation of the State, as returned by the various town Assessors to the State Assessors, has been made up, and a general falling off in live stock is shown, both in numbers and in value.

This is one reason why the valuation does not show a greater increase. Nevertheless better results have been obtained than were anticipated.

The recapitulation of the counties as returned by the town Assessors gives the State valuation for 1894 as follows: Pigs, 178,676; real estate resident, \$170,765,097; real estate non-resident, \$33,401,232; personal estate resident, \$64,545,885; personal estate non-resident, \$3,607,156; total, \$272,319,370. The recapitulation of live stock for 1894 is as follows: Horses, 125,144; three-year-olds, 9,225; two-year-olds, 10,469; one-year-olds, 7228; cows, 141,262; oxen, 17,344; three-year-olds, 25,528; two-year-olds, 36,162; yearlings, 31,619; sheep, 324,550; swine, 37,634; grand total, 141,020,398.

There has been an increase in the number of horses, a falling off from 1893 in three-year-olds, also a decrease in the number of two-year-olds; but the number of one-year-olds has been lessened, the number of cows has also fallen short, as has that of oxen; the three-year-olds have increased about 100, the number of two-year-olds has grown less, also the yearlings; the number of sheep has decreased, but swine have increased nearly 400. The total of 1893 was \$15,223,300.

A Thrilling Experience.

Miss Ethel Tweedy of Chapman Plantation, Arundel county, a girl of fifteen, had an experience one day last week that she will remember to her dying day. She attends school at a place two miles distant from her home, and the road nearly all the way is through the woods. On the day in question, she left the school house about three o'clock in the afternoon and started for home.

After she had gone about a mile, she suddenly came upon an enormous bull moose and in the road.

The bull at once started for her with blood in his eyes, and Miss Tweedy ran for a small fir tree that happened to be standing along side the road. She went up the tree like a squirrel, but none too soon, for before she could get entirely out of reach the infuriated bull caught her dress on his horns and nearly stripped it off from her. The animal made desperate efforts to reach her, but she was up just a trifle too high for him to hit her with his sharp hoofs.

For nearly three hours she was kept in the tree by the wicked brute, when he finally departed. After satisfying herself that the bull had really gone, Miss Tweedy came down and started for home at a pace that would distance Nelson before he could turn the first quarter.

She describes the animal as being larger than her father's biggest horse. The animal has been seen once or twice since, and from all accounts he must weigh nearly or quite 1000 pounds. And all this happened within eight miles of Presque Isle village.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

At the Baptist State Convention in Portland, resolutions were adopted criticising the laxity in enforcing the liquor law, against Sunday papers, Sunday excursions, and the granting by the State of any money to sectarian institutions.

The sixth annual convention of the Maine Universalist Young People's Christian Union was held at Lewiston, Wednesday. The following officers were elected: President, Elliott C. Dill, Lewiston; Vice President, Miss Georgia A. Bradley, Portland; Secretary, Anna Frye, Bethel; Treasurer, L. H. Blossom, Turner; Executive Committee, Francis A. Kimball, Lewiston, Prof. O. Howard Perkins, Sanford, Ruth T. Stevens, Waterville; delegates to the National Convention, Y. C. Richardson, Bethel, Miss Hannah J. Powell, Waterville, Miss Georgia Bradley, Portland. A mass meeting was held in the evening at the Bates street Universalist church, addressed by Rev. W. F. Small of North Anson, and Rev. C. A. Hayden of Deer Isle.

Divine services will be held at North Seaport by Mrs. McIntire of Belfast, next Sunday at 2 P. M.

Backache is Kidney Ache.

Baker's Kidney Pills

PILL CO. BANGOR, ME.

FARMERS AND FAIRS IN OTHER STATES.

Editorial Correspondence.

Could the farmers of Maine have kept us company the past two or three weeks some very valuable object lessons would have been witnessed and the return home made a special cause for thanksgiving. Over and over again has it been demonstrated that nowhere in New England, the best section of country on the face of the earth, has the out and out farmer secured more of the substantial things of life than in Maine.

Nowhere else do the farm homes give greater evidence of thrift and enterprise, in the home section does one hear less of complaints. Score this much for Maine.

On the other hand the farmers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Eastern New York, Vermont and Southern New Hampshire—the section visited—have market facilities beyond those enjoyed by his co-worker in the Pine Tree State. In this statement the specialist in either case, possessing superior advantages, must be left out of the account and the opportunities open the average farmer worker considered. Massachusetts is a State full of consumers with producing capacity in farm products restricted. To be sure the river valleys are broad, rich and fertile, the hilly sections strong and productive, but one sees less of these from the car windows and more of those light soils not so desirable.

Fair at Spencer.

At the exhibition at Spencer the zeal and enthusiasm of the Massachusetts agriculturist was manifest. Although a local show, the cattle, poultry and farm products were not in force. Massachusetts is not a horse producing State as compared with Maine, and the exhibit was more largely confined to the breeders, who showed high quality. The cattle came chiefly from the pastures, and as a severe drought has prevailed all through the State, their condition was not as good as on other years. One practice here would arouse strong opposition in Maine. There being no territorial bounds, the owner of a choice herd may compete in every fair he can reach, to the injury of the local breeder. This furnishes excellent object lessons but seriously retards local and smaller breeders, who after all are the ones to be encouraged. The poultry industry throughout the State is large, and while no provision is here made for shelter, fully two hundred pairs were lined up against the main exhibition building. Some of the chicks were small, but the great majority had age and size sufficient to indicate merit, and the exhibit as a whole was excellent; the Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Leghorns leading as they should. Not only is the society well officered, but these officials attend to their duties, and the details of the exhibition were carefully looked after. While the usual number of victualing tents were to be seen, nothing in the slightest objectionable was allowed upon the grounds, and naturally good order prevailed. We saw here some excellent work with trained steers, especially calves. The crowd about the ring was limited only to those able to catch a glimpse of the evolutions, and fully confirmed the claims made that other attractions will divide the crowd with the grand stand if given the opportunity. The gateway to the park bears the name of N. Myrick, one of the chief contributors to its purchase. The exhibition hall is 40x54, two stories high, the upper story being reserved for the dining hall, a practice common with the county and local societies of the State. Here were tables set for 300, each one decorated with flowers and set with dishes alike in pattern and excellent in quality, every one bearing the stamp, "N. Myrick Park." These dishes, the gift of Mr. Myrick, are reported to have cost \$600. A steward is employed to run this department and at the close the society pockets the surplus or provides for the deficiency. When the hour for dinner approaches the band leads the procession, escorted by the marshals. To this feature we can conceive of no objections, while an excellent dinner in a pleasant room with attractive surroundings is assured every visitor. In the lower hall the usual display of farm, garden, orchard and household products were arranged in order, the whole reflecting credit on the growers and producers. Evidently this is a fruit year in Massachusetts, the quality being superior and quantity abundant. Such peaches, grapes, peaches, quinces and large sized apples cannot be expected from Maine orchards.

The village of Spencer is set on the hills about twelve miles from Worcester, connected with it by steam and electric cars; has been a great show town, but suffers to-day like many other towns. It is the center of a somewhat broken but very fertile farming section, where one will find that variety of soil needed for diversified agriculture. The fair grounds are well located and the society is exerting a powerful influence for better methods on the entire community.

Fansell Hall and Quincy Markets.

There is no spot where more valuable information can be gleaned, in the same length of time, than in and around the markets of a large city. Here one sees the best of all products, and may learn much concerning that half of the story comprised in marketing to the best advantage. One looks in vain for some things which but a few years ago were considered just right, and may read in their absence the story of different tastes and demands. The small, round, rapidly grown porkers, dressing from 140 to 175, have taken the place of their heavier neighbors, and surely the change satisfies the looker on.

Not having the opportunity to spend a day upon the justly celebrated Bowditch farm at Framingham, and inspect the 72 acres of Northern corn grown for the silos, as well as the choice stock, we did enjoy sampling the eighty cent butter made by this young and enterprising farmer, butter which commands the highest price of any in the market. "It is not perfect," said a butter expert, "and I never saw any that was, but it is the standard to-day, and occupies the highest position in the Boston market." Better flavor, firmer texture, choicer

natural color and more pleasant taste we have not found for months. Mr. Bowditch feeds only selected hay and grain with his ensilage, and with this, his business methods in packing, insure quality and price. The lesson is obvious to every dairyman.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

The fruit growers of Massachusetts have numbered among their enthusiastic members many wealthy men who have liberally endowed the Massachusetts State Horticultural Society so that it can do as it is doing, a grand service for the fruit and vegetable interests of the State, as well as educate the public in an appreciation of the value of these industries to the commonwealth.

Weekly exhibitions are held in one or both of the large halls on Tremont street, in the home section does one hear less of complaints. Score this much for Maine.

On the other hand the farmers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Eastern New York, Vermont and Southern New Hampshire—the section visited—have market facilities beyond those enjoyed by his co-worker in the Pine Tree State. In this statement the specialist in either case, possessing superior advantages, must be left out of the account and the opportunities open the average farmer worker considered. Massachusetts is a State full of consumers with producing capacity in farm products restricted. To be sure the river valleys are broad, rich and fertile, the hilly sections strong and productive, but one sees less of these from the car windows and more of those light soils not so desirable.

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What was seen in Vermont must wait another opportunity. G. M. T.

WORLD'S FOOD FAIR, BOSTON.

Having had an opportunity to inspect at length the exhibit at Mechanics Building, Boston, we would urge upon our readers the importance of visiting the same before it closes, October 27. With liberal excursion rates from all points on the Maine coast, the expense of such a trip would be materially reduced while the benefits would be of great value. In the basement Prof. James Cheeseman is running a full fledged dairy work, etc. have been exhibited for over five hundred to three thousand pounds of choice butter daily, the cream being furnished by three firms who take the completed product. To the superior quality of the butter we can testify. No such opportunity to examine the bazaar of choice butter making and the application of electric machinery to the same has ever been offered the citizens of New England, and dairy men to take it to their advantage. Spend at least one day in the basement of Mechanics Fair Building.

Here is a field for Granges to send a representative who shall report in detail the workings of this improved machinery. Prof. Cheeseman has given his entire time since July 1st, and the success of the undertaking must be credited to his energy and perseverance.

The large cream vats, separator, churning, etc. have been exhibited by the Vermont Farm Machinery Co., though other firms have contributed. The whole forms a valuable object lesson, and is proving one of the most popular features of the great fair. Graces Hunt, Tridion, E. Buzzell, Mrs. W. C. Moore, Mrs. S. Robbins, Mrs. W. C. Gilbert, Ethel Mills, 8 years old, and Lottie R. Morey. Carriage alphans by Mrs. Burton Cross and Grace P. Hunt. Head rest by Julia Robinson. Sofa pillows by Mrs. A. Brown. Sofa pillows by Mrs. W. W. Gilbert and Mrs. Katie Robinson. Rugs by Mrs. M. A. Getchell, Anna Robinson, G. H. Buzzell, Julia Robinson, and others. Silk shawl, 17 years old, by Grace Hunt. Some Peruvian mummy wrappings, 1000 years old, by H. H. Snell. A Masonic badge, 125 years old, by Mrs. A. E. Fought. Domestic yarn by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. Black and white silk, 10 years old, by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. Knit slippers by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Stand cover by Mrs. M. A. Getchell. Hose by Anna Robinson. Picture throw by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. China plate and puff bowl by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Fancy basket by Mrs. Chester Stevens. Mounted buffalo horns by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Mrs. Grace Hunt of Augusta has mounted crane, crow, blackbird, baby lion, milk, gray squirrel, stuffed birds and fox, nearly done. H. A. Rand of Augusta showed the Standard rotary shuttle sewing machine, which was one of the points of interest for the ladies.

Oil paintings, etc.—Miss Flora Trask shows 5 pieces, all fine. Miss Getchell of Augusta has 3 oil paintings, very nice. Mrs. C. O. Gardner, pen pictures. Grace Hunt, horned owl. Mrs. Josiah Brown, oil painting. Mrs. C. A. Stillson, oil painting. Others by Gertrude Everett, Mrs. W. A. Yates, Mrs. Geo. Richards, Mrs. Robinson, painting of old "Port Halifax," nicely done. Mrs. Josiah Brown, oil painting, "Pond Lilies," very nice. Also others, with no name, were shown, which were well done, and deserved much praise.

The following is a list of awards made: Horses—Stallions, A. S. Church, 1st. Draft horses, first class, John Emery, 1st; second class, Daniel Strong, 1st; C. W. Crowell, 2d. W. S. Lewis, 3d. Two-year-old colts, C. W. Crowell, 1st; Elmer Strong, 2d; John Emery, 3d. Suckers, G. W. McCoy, 1st.

Poultry, first class, Shaker cow, W. S. Lewis, 1st. Jersey cows, E. C. Getchell, 1st. 2d. Heifers 2 years old, grade Jerseys, W. S. Lewis, 1st and 2d. Holstein, John Emery, 1st. Cattle, 1st.

Exhibitors, garden vegetables, etc.—Potatoes, Hearty of Hebron, E. C. Colman, 1st; O. H. Brown, 2d; O. P. Robbins, 3d. Strawberry, C. O. Gardner, 1st; V. G. Gilbert, 2d; S. A. Miller, 3d. Maggie Murphy, John Lane, 1st. American Wonder, O. H. Brown, 2d. Hubbard squash, W. S. Lewis, 1st; O. H. Brown, 2d; O. P. Robbins, 3d. Cabbage, F. G. Leighton, 2d; W. S. Lewis, 3d. Marrowed squash, W. S. Lewis, 1st; C. G. Hunt, 2d; Arthur Robbins, 3d. Cabbage, F. G. Leighton, 2d; W. S. Lewis, 3d. Prize taker, H. O. Mitchell, 1st. Celery, O. P. Robbins, 2d. Beans, S. A. Miller, 1st. Sunflower, W. S. Lewis, 1st.

Corn—rowed, A. H. Clark, 1st; C. O. Gardner, 2d. 12 rowed, John Emery, 1st; S. A. Miller, 2d. Small rowed, H. H. Snell, 1st; S. A. Miller, 2d; S. Richardson, 3d. Red corn, Class 3, A. C. Adams, 1st. 30 rowed, John Emery, 1st. Lottie Pollard, 2d; Chester Ellis, 3d.

Butter and Cheese—Butter, C. W. Crowell, 1st; H. H. Snell, 2d; Mrs. S. Robbins, 3d. Plain

PLEASES BECAUSE IT IS FREE.

When a thing is free and at the same time contains great value, being just what every body wants, it is eagerly sought by all. Every week, delicate or sickly person will be pleased with the great and generous offer of Dr. Greene, of 24 Temple Place, Boston, who, noted and successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has established a system of free, letter correspondence, whereby all may write him about their complaint and receive in return a complete description of their ailment, explaining thoroughly the meaning of each symptom, and telling just what to do to be cured. The doctor makes a specialty of treating patients through letter correspondence, giving most careful and explicit attention to every letter, and explains your case so minutely you understand exactly what your trouble is. All this costs nothing. All those who cannot afford the time or expense of visiting the city can now have the same free of charge, and without leaving their homes. The method is successful. Thousands are being cured by it. Try it. Write the doctor and it will undoubtedly be the means of your getting well.

We are glad to know that the writer of so many beautiful poetical effusions for the columns of the Farmer, Miss Olive E. Dana of this city, is soon to issue a volume of her short stories with the original and attractive title, "Under Friendly Eaves." While this lady has the true poetic genius, she also excels in her prose writings, and we are certain that her new work will not be dumped "under friendly eaves," where the works of so many authors find an everlasting cemetery, but will be eagerly appropriated by an appreciative public.

Dr. William H. Todd of St. Stephen, N. B., one of the ablest physicians on the St. Croix river, died Sunday night, after a painful illness. He was prominent in charitable, religious and financial circles. At the time of his death he was president of the St. Stephen Bank, succeeding the late F. H. Todd. He was a graduate of Bowdoin and Edinburgh College of Physicians. He leaves a wife and daughter.

The missionaries in China are being recalled to the protected coast districts.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

CUSHING GRANGE FAIR.

The eleventh annual fair of Cushing Grange was held at their hall and grounds at Riverside, on Saturday, Oct. 6th. The day was fine and the attendance large; and the members of this Grange deserve praise for their push and energy in keeping up the high standard to the high standard that was marked out from the start, eleven years ago. And the fair just held was one of the best, in most respects, that has ever been held, and had the hall been larger, it would, without doubt have been filled to overflowing.

The horse department was not large, but many fine colts were shown. We noticed the following nice ones: Three-year-olds, by D. H. Brown, 1st. W. Crowell and B. W. Lewis. Two-year-olds, by John Emery, C. W. Crowell and Elmer Strong. The one by John Emery, a Percheron, weighed 1000 lbs. Suckers were shown by G. W. McCoy, a fine stallion by G. S. Church. E. E. Leavitt has a fine four year old Percheron and Morgan, which weighed 1010 lbs. Draft horses by Ira J. Robbins and John Emery.

In the cattle department we saw no oxen or steers on the grounds. But fine milch cows and heifers were shown by W. S. Weeks, E. C. Getchell and Joseph Cain. The one by Mr. Cain, a Holstein, weighed 600 lbs. 2 heifers, gained 14 inches in the past year—truly a beauty.

In the produce department we find a large exhibit, and to enumerate all exhibitors would take too much space, but will name the larger ones. W. S. Weeks has beans, turnips, squash, cabbage, and second crop cabbage, a sunflower 16 inches across, and this variety is highly recommended for ensilage; also shows four stalks of the Nonpareil sweet corn, which weighed 14 lbs. per ear. L. J. Arey has carrots and parsnips. Alonzo Moore has pumpkins, corn, and a huge turnip which weighed 3 1/2 lbs. E. L. Brown has nice onions. Arthur Robbins has onions, cabbage, beans, etc. O. P. Robbins has cabbage, potatoes, parsnips, celery, carrots, onions, squash, etc. Lottie Pollard has pop corn, a sample of 24 bushels of ears, raised by herself; also carrots. Jas. Robbins has turnips, beans, etc. H. H. Snell has corn, potatoes, beans, squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, etc. C. W. Crowell has potatoes, turnips, corn and cabbage. O. H. Mitchell has onions, etc. L. J. Robbins has carrots and turnips. Donovan has beans, etc. S. A. Miller of Augusta has a nice display of turnips, beans, potatoes, beans, yellow corn, sweet corn, etc. A. P. Robinson has beans, etc. I. Hawes has potatoes and corn. C. S. Perkins has red corn, barberries, etc. J. P. Robbins has White Scotch oats. O. H. Brown shows a pine board 16 feet long by 2 feet wide, from the old Covel House, so-called, over 100 years old, with a trace of yellow corn upon it 12 feet long. Ira B. Smiley has squash. John Lane and V. T. Gilbert, potatoes.

The fruit department was full and very fine. The display would be hard to excel at any county fair. Will give the names of the principal exhibitors with number of plates: S. A. Miller, 16; W. S. Weeks, 10; E. C. Barrows, 15 of apples and 3 of pears; J. P. Robbins, 14; O. H. Brown, 18; C. G. Hunt, 11; O. P. Robbins, 11; H. H. Snell, 8; C. W. Crowell, 8; J. W. Johnson, 12 of apples and 2 of pears; Ira Ellis, 7; C. O. Gardner, 6; Jas. Robbins, 9; G. F. Dudman, 3; C. E. Colman, 2; W. E. Lowell, 2; C. I. Perley, 20 of pears.

Butter and cheese—Fine print butter was shown by C. W. Crowell, H. H. Snell and Mrs. Smith Robbins. Cheese by H. Snell, Mrs. Smith Robbins and Mrs. J. P. Gardner.

Honey, strained by Mrs. S. Weeks. Jellies and pickles by Mrs. J. M. Cross, Mrs. S. Robbins, Mrs. Isiah Hawes, and others.

Household and fancy articles—This department was full and nice, but to mention all would take too much space, but will mention the larger exhibitors. Nice bed spreads by Mrs. V. T. Gilbert, and by Mrs. Josiah Cain, etc. by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. Mrs. A. Getchell, Mrs. Smith Robbins, Mrs. Grace Hunt, and two others by exhibitors unknown. Sadie Robinson, a miss of 8 years, has a print quilt of 8878 squares, nicely done. Table mats by Grace Hunt, Tridion, E. Buzzell, Mrs. W. C. Moore, Mrs. S. Robbins, Mrs. W. C. Gilbert, Ethel Mills, 8 years old, and Lottie R. Morey. Carriage alphans by Mrs. Burton Cross and Grace P. Hunt. Head rest by Julia Robinson. Sofa pillows by Mrs. A. Brown. Sofa pillows by Mrs. W. W. Gilbert and Mrs. Katie Robinson. Rugs by Mrs. M. A. Getchell, Anna Robinson, G. H. Buzzell, Julia Robinson, and others. Silk shawl, 17 years old, by Grace Hunt. Some Peruvian mummy wrappings, 1000 years old, by H. H. Snell. A Masonic badge, 125 years old, by Mrs. A. E. Fought. Domestic yarn by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. Black and white silk, 10 years old, by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. Knit slippers by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Stand cover by Mrs. M. A. Getchell. Hose by Anna Robinson. Picture throw by Mrs. J. P. Gardner. China plate and puff bowl by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Fancy basket by Mrs. Chester Stevens. Mounted buffalo horns by Mrs. Geo. Mills. Mrs. Grace Hunt of Augusta has mounted crane, crow, blackbird, baby lion, milk,

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
LIFE AMIDST DEATH.

BY G. E. L.

Into a neglected churchyard,
Where the long forgotten dead
Had lain; where all the grass grown paths
Showed no trace of mortal's tread;
Where the stones loose in their sockets
Bent over graves, or outward,
As if to beg recognition,
Or to stay those who moved onward;
Here I wandered one day and found
In pitiful neglectfulness
Traces of beauty, for whose wild
Had grown in its wantonness.

A tiny bird rose high in air,
And circling above my head
Cried pitifully; I knew she feared
For her nest my brutal tread.
Parting the grasses, bending down,
Long I searched, but in vain
Under the stone, leaning upon
The grave to shield it from harm,
Was a nest with four eggs inside—
Gems of life, here hidden deep
In the pent up way of the shell;
Purity, sweetness, fast asleep.

The embryo life, by subtle power
Which moves through the world unseen,
Will quicken and soon we know
Here among the grasses green
Tiny birds will grow and open wide
Their throats for food the parents bring;
Wings will strengthen, feathers grow,
Bird-notes through the orchard ring.
The fluttering wings, the merry notes
In the shell are now asleep;
O'er the form of one we know
Moulders in the grave so deep.

In the grave the form is lying,
All the beauty long ago,
All the life the soul imparting
Left the one whom we call dead,
In Elysian fields to wander;
So the clay we laid away,
Lies all—on marble tombstone
Brings no life to crumbling clay.
But o'er all there is life throbbing;
Mother-love her home has found,
Nest of twigs and hair commingled
Safe from harm on sacred ground.

So below the soil, the earth—
From the grave come heavenly notes
Crumbling form no more can cherish
Love that in the music floats.
Life is nourished in the bosom
Of death, and songs of praise
Flout to heaven and music
Soothes our fears and brightens days.
Life and death together coupled,
Of the earth, and yet no part;
In the cold and silent tomb
Feel we still the beating heart.

Pittsford.

Our Story Teller.

A CAGED LION.

In front of the entrance a "spileer" stood on a star-box and beat upon a piece of tin with a stick, and we weakly succumbed to his frenzied appeals and went inside. We did this, I am sure, partly to please the "spileer," who would have been dreadfully disappointed if we had not done so, but partly, too, to please Toppan, who was always interested in the great beasts and liked to watch them.

It is possible that you may remember Toppan as the man who married Victoria Boyden, and in so doing, thrust his greatness from him and became a bank clerk instead of an explorer. After he married, he came to be quite ashamed of what he had done in Thibet and Africa and other unknown corners of the earth, and after awhile, very soon after the death of his wife, he came to be quite ashamed of his life at all; or, when he did, it was only to allude to it as a passing boyish fancy, altogether foolish and silly, like calf-love and early attempts at poetry.

"I used to think I was going to set the world on fire at one time," he said once. "I suppose every young fellow has some such ideas. I only made an ass of myself, and I'm glad I'm well out of it. Victoria saved me from that."

But this was long afterward. He died hard, and sometimes he would have moments of strength in his weakness, just as before he had given up his career. He thought he was content with the way things had come to be; but it was not so, and now and then the old feeling, the love of the old life, the old ambition, would be stirred into activity again by some sight, or sound, or episode in the conventional life around him. A chance paragraph in a newspaper, a sight of the Arizona deserts of sage and cactus, a momentary panic on a ferryboat, sometimes even the music or a great poem would wake the better part of him to the desire of doing great things. At such times the longing grew big and troublesome within him to cut loose from it all and get back to those places of the earth where there were neither months nor years, and where the days of the week had no names; where he could feel unknown winds blowing against his face and unnamed mountains rising beneath his feet; where he could see great sandy, stony stretches of desert with red, blue shadows, and plains of salt, and thickets of jungle-grass, broken only by the lairs of beasts and the paths the steinbock make when they go down to water.

The most trifling thing would recall all this to him just as a couple of notes have recalled to you whole arias and overtures. But with Toppan it was as though one had recalled the arias and the overtures and then was not allowed to sing them.

We went into the arena and sat down. The ring in the middle was fenced in by a great circular cage. The tiers of seats rose around this, a band was playing in a box over the entrance and the whole interior was lighted by an electric globe slung over the middle of the cage.

and tumbled the dogs, barking and grinning all over, jumping up on their stoo's and benches, wriggling and pushing one another about, giggling and excited like so many kindergarten children on a show-day. I am sure they enjoyed their performance as much as the audience did, for they never had to be told what to do, and seemed only too eager for their turn to come. The best of it all was that they were quite unconscious of the audience and appeared to do their tricks for the sake of the tricks themselves, and not for the applause which followed them. And, as for the usual programme of wicker cylinders, hoops and balls was over, they all rushed off amid a furious scattering of paws and flapping of tails and heels.

While this was going on, we had been hearing from time to time a great sound, half-whine, half-rumbling guttural cough, that came from somewhere behind the exit from the cage. It was repeated at rapidly decreasing intervals, and grew lower in pitch until it ended in a short bass grunt. It sounded cruel and menacing, and when at its full volume the wood of the benches under us thrilled and vibrated.

There is a little pause in the programme while the arena was cleared and new and much larger and heavier paraphernalia were set about, and a gentleman with well-groomed hair and a very shiny hat entered and announced "the world's greatest lion tamer." Then he went away and the tamer came in and stood expectantly by the side of the entrance, there was another short wait and the band struck a long minor chord.

And then they came in, one after the other, with long, crouching, lurching strides, not at all good-humoredly, like the dogs or the elephant, or even the bear, but with low-hanging heads, surly, watchful, their eyes gleaming with the rage and hate that burned in their hearts and that they dared not vent. Their loose, yellow hides rolled and rippled over the great muscles as they moved, and the breath coming from their hot, half-opened mouths turned to steam as it struck the air.

A huge, blue-painted sea-saw was dragged out to the center, and the tamer made a sharp sound of command. Slowly, and with twitching tails, two of them obeyed, and clambering upon the saw, they began to swing up and down, while the music played a sea-saw waltz. And all the while their great eyes flamed with the detestation of the thing and their black upper lips curled away from their long fangs in protest of this hourly renewed humiliation and degradation.

And one of the others, while waiting his turn to be whipped and bullied, sat upon his haunches and faced us and looked far away beyond us over the heads of the audience—over the continent and ocean, as it were—as though he saw something in that quarter that made him forget his present surroundings.

"You grand old brute," muttered Toppan as he said: "Do you know what you would see if you were to look into his eyes now? You would see Africa, and unnamed mountains, and great stony stretches of desert, with hot blue shadows, and plains of salt, and lairs in the jungle-grass, and lurking places near the paths the steinbock make when they go down to water. But now he's hampered and caged—is there anything worse than a caged lion?—and kept from the life he loves and was made for—just here the tamer spoke sharply to him and his eyes and crest drooped—"and ruled over," concluded Toppan, "by some one who is not so great as he, who has spoiled what was best in him and has turned his powers to trivial, useless uses—some one weaker than he, yet stronger. Ah, well, old brute, it was your own, we will remember that."

They wheeled out a clumsy velocipede built expressly for him, and while the lion whistled and snapped about him, the conquered king heaved himself upon it and went around and around the ring while the band played a quadrille, the audience broke into applause and the tamer smirked and bobbed his well-oiled head. I thought of Samson performing for the Philistines and Thunelsa at the triumph of Germausius. The great beasts, grand though conquered, seemed to be the only dignified ones in the whole business. I hated the audience who saw their shame from behind iron bars. I hated myself for being one of them; and I hated the smug, sniggering tamer.

This latter had been drawing out various stools and ladders, and now arranged the lions upon them so they should form a pyramid, with himself on top.

Then he swung himself up among them, with his heels upon their necks, and, taking hold of the jaws of one, wrenched them apart with a great show of strength, turning his head to the audience so that all should see.

And just then the electric light above him cackled harshly, guttered, dropped down to a pencil of dull red, then went out, and the place was absolutely dark.

The band stopped abruptly with a discord, and there was an instant of silence. Then we heard the stools and ladders clattering as the lions leaped down; and straightway four pairs of lambent green spots burned out of the darkness and traveled swiftly about here and there, crossing and recrossing one another like the lights of steamers in a storm. Heretofore, the lions had been sluggish and inert; now they were aroused and alert in an instant, and we could hear the swift padding of their heavy feet as they swung around the arena and the sound of their great bodies rubbing against the bars of the cage as one and the other passed nearer to us.

I don't think the audience at all preoccupied the situation at first, for no one moved or seemed excited, and one shrill voice suggested that the band should play "When the electric lights go out."

"Keep perfectly quiet, please!" called the tamer out of the darkness, and a certain peculiar ring in his voice was a first intimation of a possible danger.

But Toppan knew; and as we heard the tamer fumbling for the catch on the gate, which he somehow could not loose in the darkness, he said, with a rising voice: "He wants to get that gate open pretty quick."

PITCHER'S
LI-VU-RA

To those who have suffered long and hopelessly, and who have lost faith in medicines, doctors and all things human, Livra appeals to the sufferer with a force never before realized in the history of medicine; and every expectation awakened by it is more than fulfilled. It is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acting promptly and effectively upon the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Blood, cleansing the system of every impurity, regulating the bowels, and constituting the most scientific treatment of modern medicine. Physicians endorse and prescribe it, and hundreds of the best people in the land owe their health to it. For sale, at \$1 a bottle, by druggists. Testimonials furnished on application.

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COOK, EVERETT & PENNELL, Portland, Me., Selling Agents.

and on the inside of the cage, we could hear a sound as of some slender body being whisked back and forth over the surface of the floor. In an instant I guessed what it was. One of the lions was crouching there, whipping his sides with his tail.

"When he stops that he'll spring," said Toppan, excitedly.
"Bring a light, Jerry—quick!" came the tamer's voice.
"Please keep as quiet as possible, ladies and gentlemen!" cried the tamer; "it won't do to excite the cage-freaks."

From the direction of the voice came the sound of a heavy fall and a crash that shook the iron gratings in their sockets.
"He's got him!" shouted Toppan.
And then what a scene! In that thick darkness everyone sprang up, stumbling over the seats and over each other, shouting and crying out, suddenly stricken with a panic fear of something they could not see. Inside the barred trap every lion suddenly gave tongue at once, until the air shook and sang in our ears. We could hear the great cats hurling themselves against the bars, and could see their eyes leaving brassy streaks against the darkness as they leaped.

Two more sprang as the first had done toward that quarter of the cage from which came sounds of stamping and struggling and then the tamer began to scream.
I think that so long as I shall live I shall not forget the sound of the tamer's screams. He did not scream as if woman would have done, from the head, but from the chest, which sounded so much worse that I was sick from it in a second with that sickness that weakens one at the pit of the stomach and along the muscles at the back of the legs. He did not pause for a second. Every breath was a scream, and every scream was alike, and one heard through it all the long snarl of satisfied hate and revenge muffled by the man's clothes and the rip, rip of the cruel, blunt claws.

It seemed as though it had gone on for hours, when some men rushed in with a lantern and long sharp knives. A hundred voices cried: "Here he is, over here!" and they ran around outside the cage and threw the light of the lantern on a place where a heap of gray, gold-lion clothes writhed and twisted beneath three great bulks of fulvous hide and bristling black mane. The lions were useless. The three furies dragged their prey out of their reach and crouched over it again and recommenced. No one dared to go into the cage, and still the man lived and struggled and screamed.

I saw Toppan's fingers go to his mouth, and through that mule of dreadful noises there issued a sound that, sick as I was, made me shrink anew and close my eyes and teeth and shudder as though some cold slime had been poured through the hollow of my bones where the marrow should be. It was as the noise of the whistling of a fine whip-lash, mingled with the rattling of a hundred rattles, and ended in an abrupt clanking noise three repeated.

At once I remembered where I had heard it before, because, having once heard the hiss of an aroused and angry serpent, no child of Eve can ever forget it.

The sound that now came from between Toppan's teeth and that filled the arena from wall to wall, was the sound that I had heard once before in the Paris Jardin des Plantes at feeding-time—the sound made by the great constrictors, when their huge bodies are looped and coiled like a reata for the throw that never misses, that never relaxes, and that no beast of the field is bolder strong enough to withstand. All the filthy wickedness and abominable malice of the centuries since the enemy first entered into that shape that crawls, was concentrated in that hoarse, whistling hiss—a hiss that was cold and piercing like an icicle-made sound. It was not loud, but had in it some sort of penetrating quality that cut through the din of the arena.

At the second repetition the lions paused. None better than they knew what was the meaning of that hiss. They had heard it before in their native hunting-grounds in the earlier days of summer, when the first heat lay close over all the jungle like the hollow of the palm of an angry god. Or if they themselves had not heard it, their sires before them had, and the fear of the thing bred into their bones suddenly leaped to life at the sound and grip of the hand held them close.

When for a third time the sound rang and thrilled in their ears, their heads drew between their shoulders, their great eyes grew small and glittering, the hackles rose and stiffened on their backs, their tails drooped, and they backed slowly to the further side of the cage and covered there, whining and bawling.

Toppan wiped the sweat from the inside of his hands and went into the cage with the keepers and gathered up the panting, broken body, with its twitching fingers and dead, white face and ears, and carried it out. As they lifted it, the handful of pitiful medals dropped from the shredded gray coat and rattled down upon the floor. In the silence that had now succeeded, it was about the only sound one heard.

As we sat that evening on the porch of Toppan's house, in a fashionable suburb of the city, he said, for a third time: "I had that trick from a Mpongwe headman," and added: "It was while I was at Victoria Falls, waiting to cross the Kalahari desert."

Then he continued, his eyes growing keener and his manner changing: "There is some interesting work to be done in that quarter by some one. You see, the Kalahari runs like this"—he drew the lines on the ground with his cane—"coming down in something like this shape from the Orange river to about the twentieth parallel south. The aneroid gives its average elevation about six hundred feet. I didn't cross it at the time, because we had sickness and the porters cut. But I made a lot of geological observations, and from these I have built up a theory that the Kalahari is no desert at all, but a big, well-watered plateau, with higher ground on the east and west. The tribes, too, thereabout call the place Linoka-Noka, and that's the Bantu for rivers upon rivers. They're nasty, though, these Bantu, and gave us a lot of trouble. They have a way of spitting little poisoned thorns into you now and then, and your tongue swells up and turns blue and your teeth fall out and—"

"O Jack!" she almost sobbed. "You can't find the colonel, and they'll think we didn't want them, and how can we ever explain?"
"Gracious, Nan! It's simply awful! Cousin Elizabeth is such a dear, for general soul, she'll never remember she didn't send us any address; but she is very sensitive, and if she gets it into her head that we didn't care about her coming, it will break her heart. Ha! I have it!" and Jack snapped his fingers and executed a jig on the hearth rug.
"What, oh, what?" cried Nan.
"Well, I'll go over to the station and telegraph to Sue for Cousin Elizabeth's married name."

Jack pulled on his mackintosh and plunged into the storm. Half an hour later he returned with a very dismal countenance.
"The wires are down between here and Boston," he announced. "The gas is fearful!"
They spent a dismal evening, Jack walking the floor most of the time.
"Jove!" he exclaimed, "the situation is worthy of Howells."

Then the absurdity of their predicament was borne upon him and he roared with laughter. Nan could not see the fun. It was pure tragedy to her hospitable soul. The next morning matters brightened. While they were sitting at breakfast, in the sunshine that had succeeded the storm, the postman brought a letter from Cousin Elizabeth. It contained but a few lines:

"Our plans are changed, dear two, and instead of meeting Jack, the colonel will wait and come out with me on the 14th of next train. With love, COUSIN ELIZABETH."

"What luck!" shouted Jack.
"But," said Nan, dolefully, "we've got to call them something. I don't see what names are mended much."
"Oh! their names will be on their baggage, and Cousin Elizabeth will have to introduce her colonel. That's all right! Now I must be off!" With a kiss Jack was gone.

The day passed pleasantly in preparation, and when, in the evening, the guests arrived, Cousin Elizabeth thought she never saw a prettier home or a more winsome mistress.

Nan, on her part, was proud of her husband when he heartily greeted Cousin Elizabeth's portly husband with: "I am glad to see you, colonel," not betraying, by any hesitation, the dreadful blank that existed in his mind after that military title. For the baggage had revealed no names.

The lady, with sweet graciousness, had said: "You must call me 'Cousin Elizabeth,' dear; and the husband had been introduced simply as "The Colonel."

"Never mind," said Jack. "We'll find out somehow. It's immense, though, having visitors and not knowing their names. But I've thought of a way."

"So have I," said Nan. "We'll see who will find out first."
Soothed by the certainty, she set to work to enjoy her guests; not a hard task, for she already loved Cousin Elizabeth, and no one could help liking the colonel, with his simple, hearty ways and utter devotion to his wife.

The next morning, when Nan saw the postman coming down the street, she remembered that Cousin Elizabeth had said she was expecting a letter to be forwarded, and so she rushed to meet him, eager to read the address. Just as she reached the door she was met by Cousin Elizabeth, who held up a letter.

"Only one, dear, and that for me," and away went the envelope into the little morning fire blazing on the hearth, before Nan had a glimpse of the superscription. Jack grinned.

"Folled again," he whispered in her ear as he gave his good-by kiss.
Off went Jack into the city, and from there he sent the following telegram to his sister:
"Wire at once Cousin Elizabeth's married name. At once. JACK."

After Nan had given her orders, arranged her flowers and settled Cousin Elizabeth on the lounge with a new book she dressed for the street.
"I've a little shopping I must do, Cousin Elizabeth. I know you will excuse me for awhile."

"Dear child!" murmured Cousin Elizabeth, as she watched the slender, graceful figure down the street.
A little later Nan came back, radiant, clapping a square package. She hurried up to her room, undid a pretty blank book bound in soft white kid, tied it up with long yellow ribbons and laid it on the little desk in the guest room. Then she went back to her company.

"You often. You belong to us now, you know."

Cousin Elizabeth kissed the rosy cheek.
"I thought of that, and had this all ready for you." And she pressed a card into Nan's hand.
After the good-bys were said and the carriage rolled away, Nan examined the address, and Jack, looking over her shoulder, shouted with glee. The card said, simply, in the colonel's handwriting:

"325 Nine Avenue, East Adams, Mass."

That night Jack received his letter: "You funny boy! What did you mean by that frantic telegram? I wrote right to mother, and have just received her reply—she says the name is Col. Albion G. Packer. What did you want to know for in such a hurry?"

"Well, I said it was something like Walker," said Jack. "Youth's Companion."

THE SAMOYEDS.
Esquimaux Who Are Low Down in the Order of Intelligence.

The reindeer Lapps and the Samoyeds stand, in intelligence and morals, at the two extremes of the Esquimaux group—the Lapps at the top, the Samoyeds at the bottom. These latter have no reindeer nor any other delectable possessions. Virtually, they are beggars, yet they seem to show something of the habits and character of the people they represent. They are, as one would expect, small in stature. I do not think I have seen a man more than, say, five feet two inches in height, says a writer in Longman's Magazine.

Their faces are very flat, and they have the slanting eyes of the Mongol. Often it is impossible to distinguish any eye at all, but simply a slit, only just not closed up. The specimens here, even young men and girls, suffer much from blindness. Whether this is due to snow, or whether hereditary, I am unable to say, but their eyes turn white, as if with a form of glaucoma. In person and habits they are dirty in the extreme. They live in skin-covered wigwags, which are very simply made. The reindeer skin with the hair outside is stretched over poles, at the apex of which a hole is left—perhaps for escape of smoke, though I saw no fires burning in any of the wigwags. Inside is a confused heap of men, women, children, skins, food and dogs—little mongrel dogs, that creep around your calves in a doubtful kind of way.

Every spring, about May, a great northward migration of these people takes place. It is then that they scatter themselves about the Petchora and Pastosereck districts and along the Siberian coast, many of them passing up to the Yalmai peninsula and Valgaia island, where their places are sacrificed, adorned with skulls of polar bears, and their ancient centers of religious observance.

When a Samoyed dies, he is buried, and with him is left sometimes his sleigh and always some small domestic articles, such as food vessels. Nordenfalk supposes that these are intended for his use in the future life. It may be so, but I fancy we are sometimes inclined to attribute to such observances a significance they do not possess. The custom of leaving offerings at the grave of the departed is a very universal one, and need not necessarily imply more than respect and regret.

A POMPONS Little Chap.
Alfonso, king of Spain, is now a little more than eight years of age, and a pompous little chap he is, which is not to be wondered at when Spanish etiquette is considered. His slumbers are watched throughout the night by the Monteros de Espinosa, a body of men who for four hundred years have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of guarding the king or queen from sunset to sunrise. They are bound by tradition to be natives of the town of Espinosa, and must have served with honor in the army. They lock the palace gates with much ceremony and solemnity at midnight, and open them again at seven o'clock in the morning. Naturally, Alfonso thinks he is a great little man.

Some Names Not Allowable.
A workmanman of Dresden lately proposed to register his new-born child as Robespierre Danton. The registrar declined to put down so revolutionary a name, and the father refused to register the child at all, except by number. The matter was taken before the courts, the workman was fined, and the decision given that in monarchical states such names are not allowable.

The duchess of Hamilton has had a large stable built for her cows and goats there daily, according to English papers, to milk her favorites. She also makes the butter, it is said, which is used when she has guests. The stable is built of marble and cost a large sum of money. The duchess wears milking gloves of a special design.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time, big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but they were effective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach, and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

A little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

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A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

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